TOMB OF DRACULA
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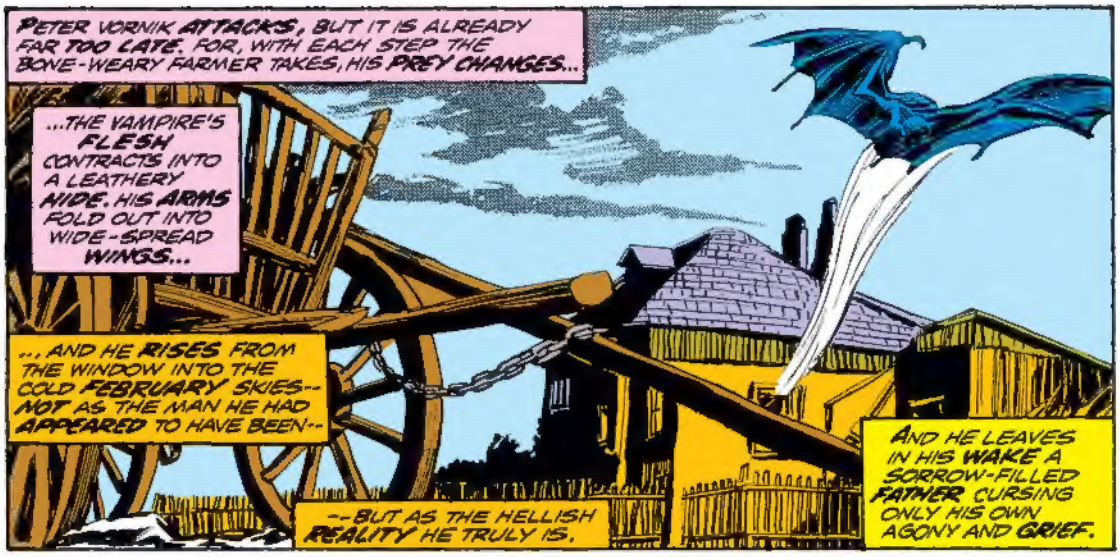
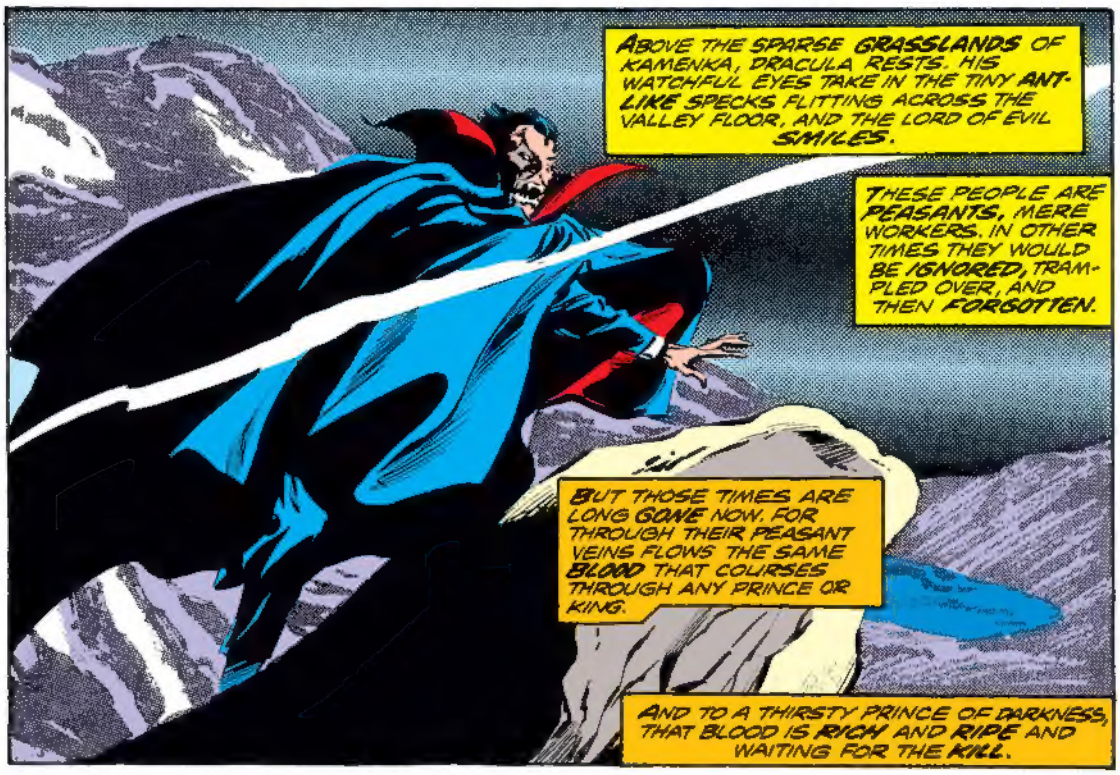
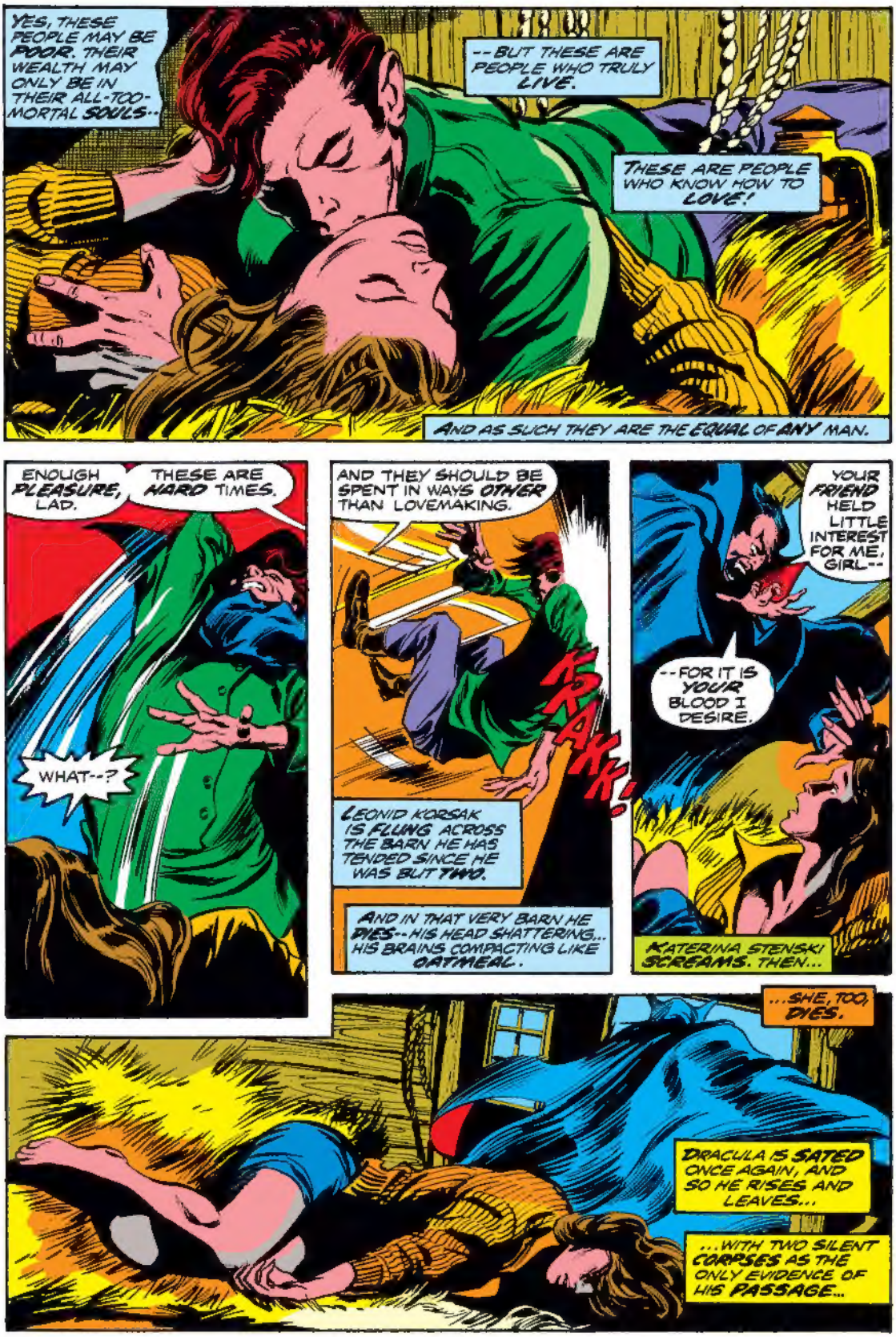
THE TOMB OF DRACULA
GORNA--
LORD OF THE
LIVING LIGHTNING!

STan Lee PRESENTS: TOMB OF DRACULA!™
MARV WOLFMAN / WRITER
GENE COLAN / ARTIST
TOM PALMER / INKER
JOHN COSTANZA / letterer
L. LESSMANN / colorist
ROY THOMAS / EDITOR
KAMENKA, MOLDAVIA--U.S.S.R.
THIS SMALL, ALMOST FORSOTTEN FARMING VILLAGE IS ABOUT TO END ITS WORKING DAY ONCE AGAIN, BUT...
VIIIEEEEEEEE
ULSA...! PETRA'S SCREAMING! SOMETHING IS HAPPENING...
PETER--QUICKLY! WE MUST HURRY, MY HUSBAND!
THE DOOR IS LOCKED!
HE MUST HAVE DONE IT.
HE'S COME BACK TO TAKE PETRA FROM US...
CRACK!
NO! I MUSTN'T THINK OF IT. I DARE NOT!
MY GOD, PETER-- IT IS HIM!
YES, ULSA-- BUT HE'LL NOT HARM OUR DAUGHTER!
I SWEAR TO YOU PETRA WILL BE SAFE.
ONCE MORE, PETER AND ULSA VORNIK, YOU'VE STOPPED ME FROM TAKING MY WIFE--
--BUT BEWARE-- SHE WILL BE MINE AGAIN. FOR--
--IN DEATH DO WE JOIN!


PETER VORNIK ATTACKS, BUT IT IS ALREADY FAR TOO LATE. FOR, WITH EACH STEP THE BONE-WEARY FARMER TAKES, HIS PREY CHANGES...
...THE VAMPIRE'S FLESH CONTRACTS INTO A LEATHERY HIDE. HIS ARMS FOLD OUT INTO WIDE-SPREAD WINGS...
...AND HE RISES FROM THE WINDOW INTO THE COLD FEBRUARY SKIES--NOT AS THE MAN HE HAD APPEARED TO HAVE BEEN--
--BUT AS THE HELLISH REALITY HE TRULY IS.
AND HE LEAVES IN HIS WAKE A SORROW-FILLED FATHER CURSING ONLY HIS OWN AGONY AND GRIEF.

OH LORD, ULSA. WHAT IF WE WERE TOO LATE? DO YOU THINK...?
WE CAN ONLY PRAY, MY PETER...
...AND MAY THE GOD WHO HAS BEEN DRIVEN FROM OUR HOMELAND HEAR OUR PRAYERS AND HAVE PITY ON THEM.


ABOVE THE SPARSE GRASSLANDS OF KAMENKA, DRACULA RESTS. HIS WATCHFUL EYES TAKE IN THE TINY ANT-LIKE SPECKS FLITTING ACROSS THE VALLEY FLOOR, AND THE LORD OF EVIL SMILES.
THESE PEOPLE ARE PEASANTS, MERE WORKERS. IN OTHER TIMES THEY WOULD BE IGNORED, TRAMPLED OVER, AND THEN FORGOTTEN.
BUT THOSE TIMES ARE LONG GONE NOW. FOR THROUGH THEIR PEASANT VEINS FLOWS THE SAME BLOOD THAT COURSES THROUGH ANY PRINCE OR KING.
AND TO A THIRSTY PRINCE OF DARKNESS, THAT BLOOD IS RICH AND RIPE AND WAITING FOR THE KILL.


YES, THESE PEOPLE MAY BE POOR. THEIR WEALTH MAY ONLY BE IN THEIR ALL-TOO-MORTAL SOULS..
--BUT THESE ARE PEOPLE WHO TRULY LIVE.
THESE ARE PEOPLE WHO KNOW HOW TO LOVE!
AND AS SUCH THEY ARE THE EQUAL OF ANY MAN.
ENOUGH PLEASURE, LAD.
THESE ARE HARD TIMES.
WHAT--?
AND THEY SHOULD BE SPENT IN WAYS OTHER THAN LOVEMAKING.
KRAK!
LEONID KORSAK IS FLUNG ACROSS THE BARN HE HAS TENDED SINCE HE WAS BUT TWO.
AND IN THAT VERY BARN HE DIES--HIS HEAD SHATTERING... HIS BRAINS COMPACTING LIKE OATMEAL.
YOUR FRIEND HELD LITTLE INTEREST FOR ME, GIRL--
--FOR IT IS YOUR BLOOD I DESIRE.
KATERINA STENSKI SCREAMS. THEN...
...SHE, TOO, DIES.
DRACULA IS SATED ONCE AGAIN, AND SO HE RISES AND LEAVES...
...WITH TWO SILENT CORPSES AS THE ONLY EVIDENCE OF HIS PASSAGE...

NOOOOO! STAY AWAY!
HE IS GONE, PETRA. FATHER CHASED HIM AWAY.
MAYBE FOR GOOD, DAUGHTER.
HE'LL BE BACK, DADDY. GORNA WILL KEEP COMING BACK UNTIL I LEAVE WITH HIM.
WHAT CAN I DO, MOMMA? PLEASE TELL ME? PLEASE?
YOU FIGHT BACK, DAUGHTER. AS BEST YOU CAN.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, MOMMA. GORNA WILL NOT BE FRIGHTENED AWAY LIKE SOME CHILD.
HE WAS ALWAYS SO POSSESSING... SO DEMANDING...
...SO FILLED WITH HATE.
WHEN WE WERE MARRIED, HE TREATED ME LIKE A SLAVE. I WAS BEATEN IF I FAILED TO SERVE HIM. STRUCK IF I DIDN'T PLEASE HIM.
I GREW TO HATE THIS MAN I HAD VOWED TO LOVE, MOMMA. AND WHEN HE DIED, I WAS HAPPY. SO VERY HAPPY.

"AND, MOMMA--HE WAS SO JEALOUS. LAST YEAR, IN THE TOWN CIRCLE, A YOUNG MAN ASKED ME DIRECTIONS. GORNA GLARED AT US.
"THAT EVENING, GORNA DISAPPEARED FROM OUR BEDROOM...
"... AND THE NEXT MORNING, THE HANDSOME MAN WAS FOUND DEAD, BRUTALLY STRANGLED BY SOMEONE UNKNOWN. BUT I KNEW BETTER, MOMMA.
"GORNA BRAGGED TO ME WHAT HE DID, THEN PUNISHED ME FOR SPEAKING TO THE MAN.
"I WAS LOCKED AWAY IN OUR BASEMENT FOR ALMOST A WEEK.
"MOMMA, I CONFESS I CURSED GORNA ALL THAT WEEK. I PRAYED TO GOD THAT HE WOULD HAVE HELL SWALLOW UP THAT HATEFUL MAN.
"I PRAYED THAT HE WOULD DIE AND THAT I WOULD BE DONE WITH HIM.
"ONE MONTH LATER HE BECAME SICK. THE DOCTORS DIDN'T KNOW WHAT CAUSED HIS ILLNESS. HE WAS PALE, AS IF HIS BLOOD HAD BEEN DRAINED FROM HIM.
"AS HE LAY DYING, HE DREW ME CLOSE, AND HE SHOUTED, 'YOU MUST NEVER MARRY. I WON'T ALLOW IT. NO OTHER MAN MUST EVER HAVE YOU.
'DO YOU UNDERSTAND, WIFE? SHOULD YOU EVER SEE ANOTHER MAN, I WILL COME BACK FROM THE GRAVE TO HAUNT YOU BOTH!'
"I LAUGHED AT HIM, AND SHOUTED TO THE WORLD THAT I WOULD BE FREE. BUT AS HE DIED, HE MERELY SMILED... KNOWINGLY."

"REMEMBER THE FUNERAL, MOMMA? THE ROBED MEN CARRYING HIS CASKET TO THE CEMETERY?NO ONE TOLD ME WHY THEY WERE DRESSED LIKE THAT...
"...UNTIL I LEARNED OF THE SERVICES FOR THE UNDEAD.
"WHY DIDN'T ANYONE TELL ME BEFORE, MOMMA? WHY WASN'T I TOLD HE HAD BEEN BITTEN BY A VAMPIRE?"
"YOU HAD SUFFERED ENOUGH, DAUGHTER. WHY SHOULD YOU SUFFER MORE?"
"SUFFER? OH, I SUFFERED MUCH MORE, MOMMA. REMEMBER MARCUS FYDORA? I WAS TO MARRY HIM BEFORE GORNA CAME. GOD, I WISH I HAD.
"MARCUS CAME TO SOOTHE THE SORROW HE THOUGHT WAS IN MY HEART.
"BUT IT WAS TOO LATE.
"MOMMA, PLEASE LISTEN TO THIS. I WENT TO MEET MARCUS THAT NIGHT, AND AS I CAME OVER THE HILL I SAW HIM. BUT, FROM BEHIND HIM CAME THE FIGURE OF A MAN, RIDING ON THE MIDNIGHT MIST, IT SEEMED.
"IT ROSE UP AND ATTACKED MY LOVE.
"I SCREAMED AS I RAN TO MARCUS'S SIDE. BUT HE WAS ALREADY DEAD... AND THE MAN IN THE MIST HAD VANISHED."

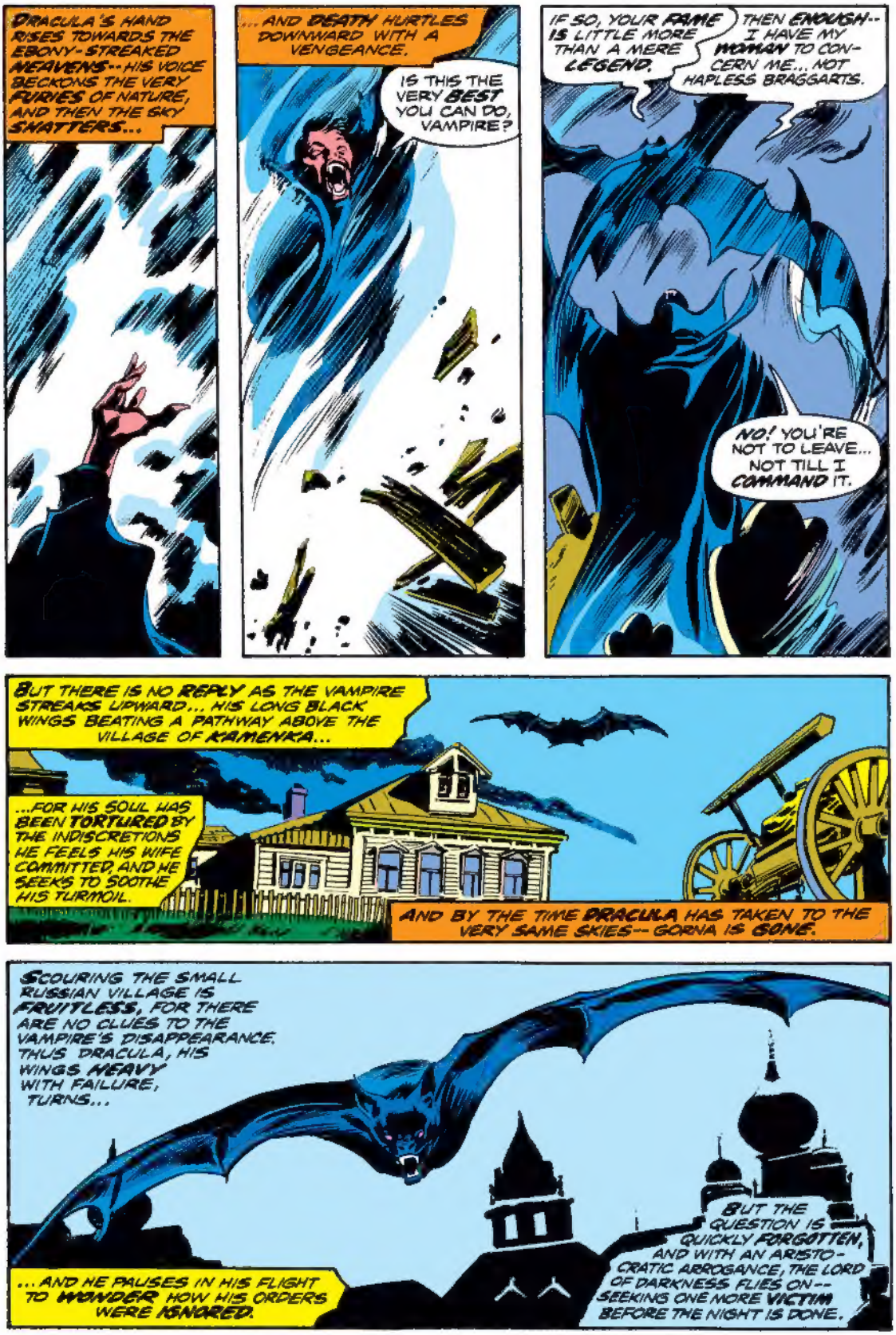
IT WAS GORNA, FATHER--FULFILLING HIS VOW.
AND THAT IS WHY I MUST GO WITH HIM, FATHER. PLEASE LET ME. PLEASE.
ENOUGH FOOLISH TALK, DAUGHTER--
--WE WILL FIGHT THIS TOGETHER--THE THREE OF US AGAINST ONE.

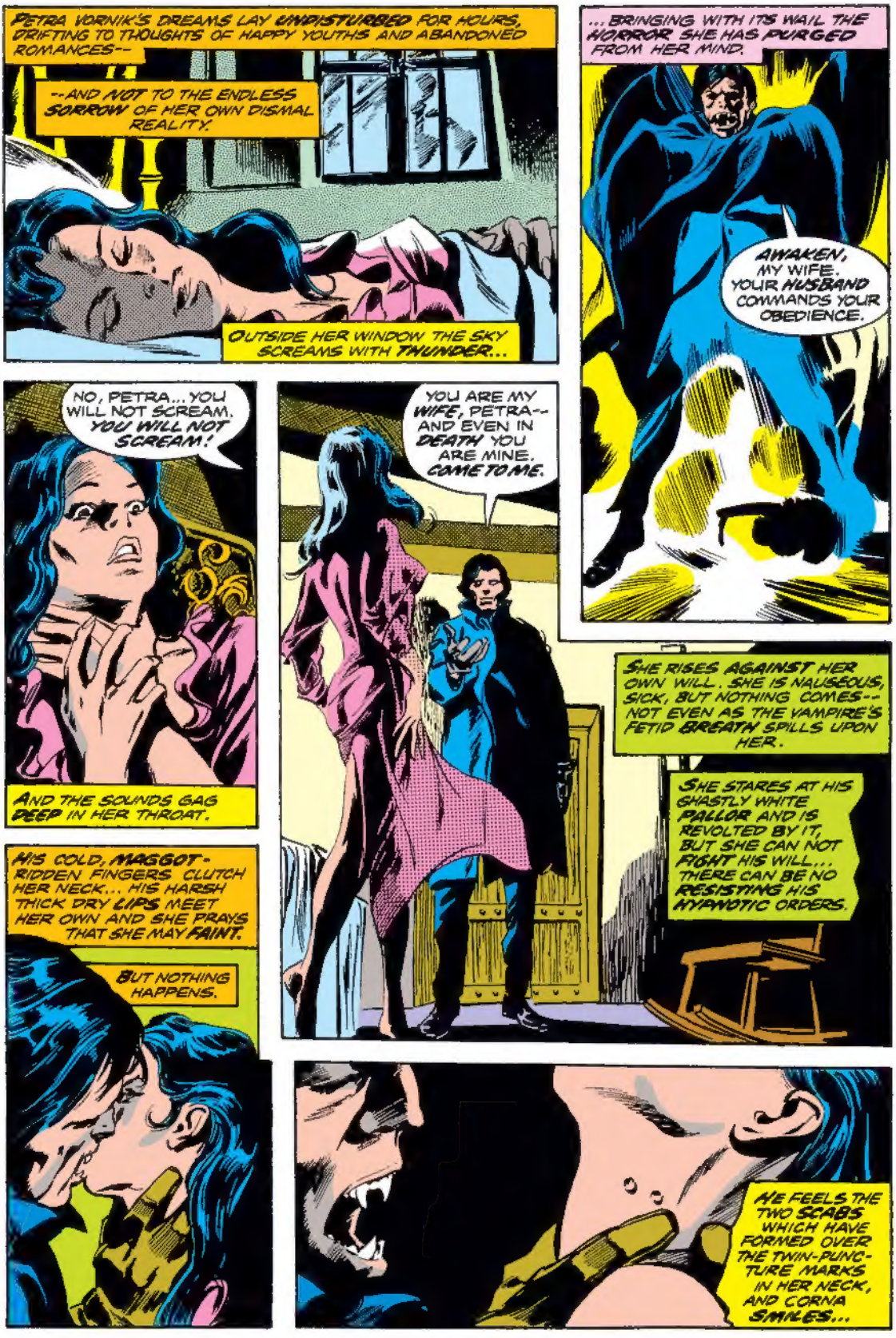
CORRECTION: THE FOUR OF YOU.
DRACULA!
4:34 A.M. DAWN BREAKS IN ONE HOUR, THIRTY-SEVEN MINUTES.
THERE IS TIME BEFORE THE SUN RISES--
--BEFORE I MUST SLEEP IN THE COFFIN I PLACED HERE YEARS AGO, BUT...
BUT IT SHALL NOT BE USED TONIGHT, VAMPIRE. THIS CEMETERY IS MY DOMAIN!

YOURS? YOU GIBBERING IDIOT, DO YOU REALIZE WHO--
I KNOW, VAMPIRE, YOU ARE DRACULA--BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO ME.
GO BACK TO TRANSYLVANIA, VAMPIRE. RULE THE MINDLESS ONES THERE.
YOU DEFY ME?

I IGNORE YOU, VAMPIRE.
I HAVE HEARD STORIES THAT YOU ARE LORD OF ALL THE UNDEAD--
--THAT ALL OTHERS ARE SUPPOSED TO OBEY YOU.
I OBEY NO ONE BUT MYSELF!

THEN YOU SHALL PAY FOR YOUR INSOLENCE, DOG.
AS ALL OTHERS WHO EVER CHALLENGED ME HAVE PAID--
--WITH THEIR IMMORTAL SOULS!

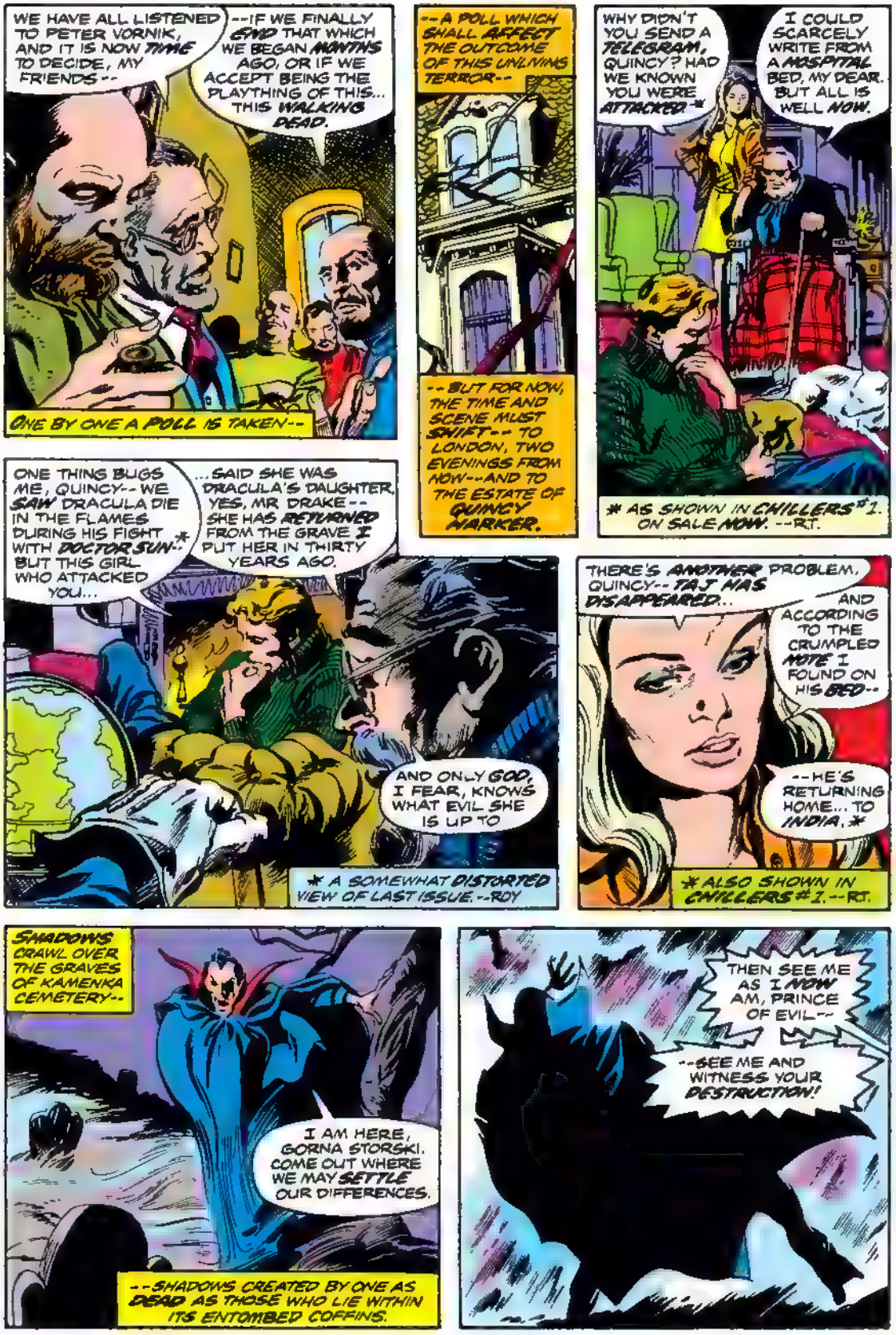

DRACULA'S HAND RISES TOWARDS THE EBONY-STREAKED HEAVENS--HIS VOICE BECKONS THE VERY FURIES OF NATURE, AND THEN THE SKY SHATTERS...
...AND DEATH HURTLES DOWNWARD WITH A VENGEANCE.
IS THIS THE VERY BEST YOU CAN DO, VAMPIRE?
IF SO, YOUR FAME IS LITTLE MORE THAN A MERE LEGEND.
THEN ENOUGH--I HAVE MY WOMAN TO CONCERN ME... NOT HAPLESS BRAGGARTS.
NO! YOU'RE NOT TO LEAVE... NOT TILL I COMMAND IT.
BUT THERE IS NO REPLY AS THE VAMPIRE STREAKS UPWARD... HIS LONG BLACK WINGS BEATING A PATHWAY ABOVE THE VILLAGE OF KAMENKA...
...FOR HIS SOUL HAS BEEN TORTURED BY THE INDISCRETIONS HE FEELS HIS WIFE COMMITTED, AND HE SEEKS TO SOOTHE HIS TURMOIL.
AND BY THE TIME DRACULA HAS TAKEN TO THE VERY SAME SKIES-- GORNA IS GONE.
SCOURING THE SMALL RUSSIAN VILLAGE IS FRUITLESS, FOR THERE ARE NO CLUES TO THE VAMPIRE'S DISAPPEARANCE. THUS DRACULA, HIS WINGS HEAVY WITH FAILURE, TURNS...
...AND HE PAUSES IN HIS FLIGHT TO WONDER HOW HIS ORDERS WERE IGNORED.
BUT THE QUESTION IS QUICKLY FORGOTTEN, AND WITH AN ARISTOCRATIC ARROGANCE, THE LORD OF DARKNESS FLIES ON--SEEKING ONE MORE VICTIM BEFORE THE NIGHT IS DONE.


PETRA VORNIK'S DREAMS LAY UNDISTURBED FOR HOURS, DRIFTING TO THOUGHTS OF HAPPY YOUTHS AND ABANDONED ROMANCES--
--AND NOT TO THE ENDLESS SORROW OF HER OWN DISMAL REALITY.
OUTSIDE HER WINDOW THE SKY SCREAMS WITH THUNDER...
...BRINGING WITH ITS WAIL THE HORROR SHE HAS PURGED FROM HER MIND.
AWAKEN, MY WIFE. YOUR HUSBAND COMMANDS YOUR OBEDIENCE.
NO, PETRA... YOU WILL NOT SCREAM. YOU WILL NOT SCREAM!
AND THE SOUNDS GAG DEEP IN HER THROAT.
YOU ARE MY WIFE, PETRA-- AND EVEN IN DEATH YOU ARE MINE. COME TO ME.
SHE RISES AGAINST HER OWN WILL. SHE IS NAUSEOUS, SICK, BUT NOTHING COMES-- NOT EVEN AS THE VAMPIRE'S FETID BREATH SPILLS UPON HER.
SHE STARES AT HIS GHASTLY WHITE PALLOR AND IS REVOLTED BY IT, BUT SHE CAN NOT FIGHT HIS WILL... THERE CAN BE NO RESISTING HIS HYPNOTIC ORDERS.
HIS COLD, MAGGOT-RIDDEN FINGERS CLUTCH HER NECK... HIS HARSH THICK DRY LIPS MEET HER OWN AND SHE PRAYS THAT SHE MAY FAINT.
BUT NOTHING HAPPENS.
HE FEELS THE TWO SCABS WHICH HAVE FORMED OVER THE TWIN-PUNCTURE MARKS IN HER NECK, AND CORNA SMILES...

...AS HE FANGS HER ONCE MORE!
RIPE BLOOD SPILLS FROM HER WOUND, BUT STILL SHE CANNOT SCREAM.
MERCIFULLY, UNCONSCIOUSNESS CLAIMS HER.
BUT THEN...
SO, I DID HEAR NOISES IN PETRA'S ROOM.
PUT DOWN MY DAUGHTER, GORNA--OR THIS STAKE WILL END YOUR DAMNED EXISTENCE FOREVER.
I WILL NOT GIVE HER UP SO EASILY, FATHER-IN-LAW...
..SHE WAS MINE IN LIFE. SHE SHALL ALWAYS BE MINE.
NO, GORNA--
VORNIK SUDDENLY THRUSTS THE WOODEN STAKE INTO THE FIREPLACE. ITS TIP IGNITES, CATCHES THE FLICKERING FLAMES, AND THEN...
--SHE WILL NEVER BE YOURS
...HE SPINS, SHOVING THE NOW-FLAMING STAKE INTO THE ARM OF THE ASTONISHED VAMPIRE.
FIRE!
NOOOOOO!!

FRANTICALLY, GORNA SPINS TOWARDS THE WINDOW, AND THEN LUNGES FORWARD, CRASHING THROUGH THE SHATTERING GLASS...
...BUT IT IS A FLAMING BAT WHICH RISES INTO THE NIGHT...
...HIGHER...EVER HIGHER UNTIL IT IS SWALLOWED BY THE DARKNESS...
...UNTIL ONLY A FLAMING TAIL LIKE THAT OF A RUSHING COMET CAN BE SEEN.
HOW MANY OF THE EARLY RISERS STARE UPWARD IN SILENCE, HARDLY COMPREHENDING THE STREAKING FIREBALL ABOVE THEM, WE WILL NEVER KNOW...
...BUT THE OTHERS. THE ONES WHO DO UNDERSTAND, AH, THEY WILL ACT NOW...AS THEY DID BEFORE--
--WHEN THEY LAST BURNED THIS FLYING MAN-BAT.
A MOMENT LATER ANOTHER DARK-WINGED SHAPE FLITS ACROSS THE HORIZON FROM A DIFFERENT DIRECTION...
...FOR, DRACULA HAS FINALLY TRACED GORNA'S PATH TO THIS WEATHERED FRAME-WOOD FARMHOUSE...
AND WITH A VENGEANCE--
--HE ENTERS, GIRDING HIMSELF FOR HIS IMPENDING BATTLE.

BUT...
HIDE, ULSA--GORNA'S BACK!
NO, PETER, IT IS NOT HIM...
AS YOUR HUSBAND SHOULD HAVE KNOWN, WOMAN.
I COME SEEKING THE ONE HE CALLED GORNA. AND HE WAS HERE, I KNOW THAT.
MY SENSES TELL ME YOU ARE THE FOCAL POINT OF THIS MADNESS, GIRL--
SPEAK, THEN--TELL ME WHAT I WISH TO KNOW.
I CANNOT..
YOU WILL, GIRL. LOOK AT ME--STARE DEEPLY INTO MY EYES AND TELL ME EVERYTHING.
EVERYTHING.
THE GIRL HESITATES, AND THEN...
...SHE SPEAKS... SPUTTERING OUT THE WORDS NERVOUSLY, UNTIL...
MOST OF THE PUZZLE IS CLEAR NOW, AND THOUGH I STILL DO NOT UNDERSTAND HOW GORNA WAS ABLE TO RESIST MY COMMANDS--
--I NOW KNOW ENOUGH TO BATTLE HIM... TO HUMBLE HIM.
FAREWELL NOW, GIRL, AND CONSIDER YOURSELF FORTUNATE--
--TO HAVE DRACULA DEAL WITH YOUR TROUBLES.
THE VAMPIRE LORD TURNS ONCE MORE TOWARDS THE VELVET SKIES...
...AND THEN HE IS GONE.
PETRA VORNIK SHUDDERS IN HIS WAKE, TWICE TONIGHT SHE HAS STARED DEATH IN ITS FACE, AND SHE PRAYS SHE WILL SOON AWAKEN FROM THIS NIGHTMARE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE...
--FROM THIS NIGHTMARE WHICH GROWS WITH EVERY PASSING MOMENT.


WE HAVE ALL LISTENED TO PETER VORNIK, AND IT IS NOW TIME TO DECIDE, MY FRIENDS--
--IF WE FINALLY END THAT WHICH WE BEGAN MONTHS AGO, OR IF WE ACCEPT BEING THE PLAYTHING OF THIS... THIS WALKING DEAD.
ONE BY ONE A POLL IS TAKEN--
--A POLL WHICH SHALL AFFECT THE OUTCOME OF THIS UNLIVING TERROR--
--BUT FOR NOW, THE TIME AND SCENE MUST SHIFT-- TO LONDON, TWO EVENINGS FROM NOW--AND TO THE ESTATE OF QUINCY HARKER.
WHY DIDN'T YOU SEND A TELEGRAM, QUINCY? HAD WE KNOWN YOU WERE ATTACKED--*
I COULD SCARCELY WRITE FROM A HOSPITAL BED, MY DEAR. BUT ALL IS WELL NOW.
* AS SHOWN IN CHILLERS #1. ON SALE NOW. --R.T.
ONE THING BUGS ME, QUINCY-- WE SAW DRACULA DIE IN THE FLAMES DURING HIS FIGHT * WITH DOCTOR SUN-- BUT THIS GIRL WHO ATTACKED YOU...
...SAID SHE WAS DRACULA'S DAUGHTER, YES, MR DRAKE-- SHE HAS RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE I PUT HER IN THIRTY YEARS AGO.
AND ONLY GOD, I FEAR, KNOWS WHAT EVIL SHE IS UP TO
* A SOMEWHAT DISTORTED VIEW OF LAST ISSUE. --ROY
THERE'S ANOTHER PROBLEM, QUINCY-- TAJ HAS DISAPPEARED..
AND ACCORDING TO THE CRUMPLED NOTE I FOUND ON HIS BED--
--HE'S RETURNING HOME... TO INDIA. *
* ALSO SHOWN IN CHILLERS #1. --R.T.
SHADOWS CRAWL OVER THE GRAVES OF KAMENKA CEMETERY--
I AM HERE, GORNA STORSKI. COME OUT WHERE WE MAY SETTLE OUR DIFFERENCES.
--SHADOWS CREATED BY ONE AS DEAD AS THOSE WHO LIE WITHIN ITS ENTOMBED COFFINS.
THEN SEE ME AS I NOW AM, PRINCE OF EVIL--
--SEE ME AND WITNESS YOUR DESTRUCTION!

DRACULA SPINS INTO THE FACE OF DEATH--A SIX FOOT HORROR THAT COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN CONCEIVED IN THE VERY BOWELS OF HELL ITSELF.

HIS FLESH SEARED FROM HIS BONES, THE VAMPIRE GORNA STANDS, A MOCKING GHASTLY FIGURE DRAPED IN THE VERY LIGHTNING HE COMMANDS.

SOMEWHERE, PERHAPS SPAWNED IN A NETHER WORLD SPINNING BEYOND HUMAN IMAGINATION, THERE MAY BE A MORE HORRID APPARITION--

YOUR TIME ON EARTH IS THROUGH, DRACULA--

--YOUR VERY EXISTENCE HERE IS ENDED..

...FOR NOW YOU HAVE MET YOUR MASTER... YOU HAVE MET DEATH!

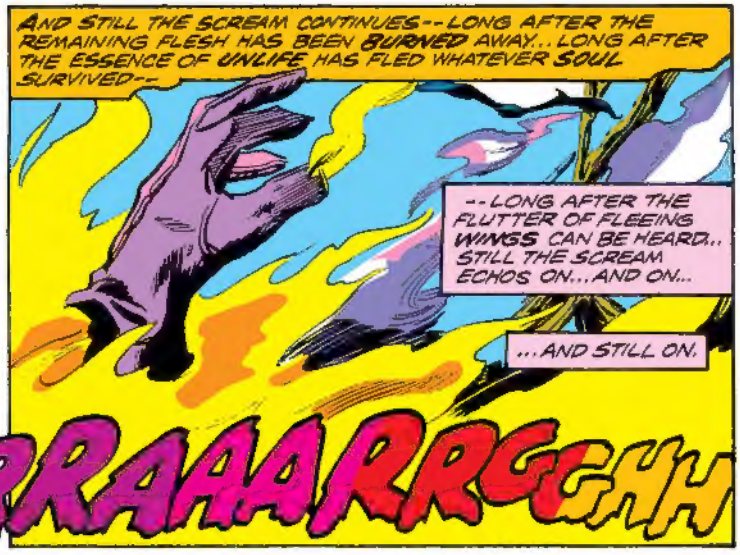
GORNA SCREAMS AS FLAMES ERUPT FROM HIS FINGERTIPS, AND THE SCREAM IS COLD AND EVIL, AND, MAY ALL THE GODS FORGIVE US, DAMNING WITH ITS VERY TONE.

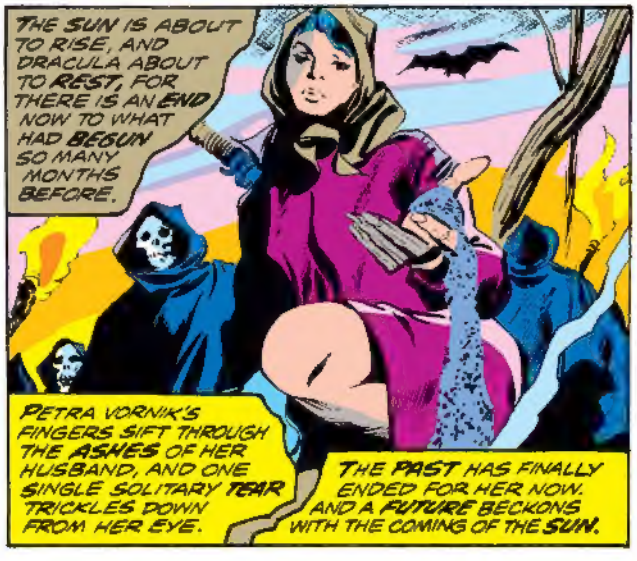
--BUT HERE, ON THIS WORLD WE DARE CALL REALITY... ON THIS MUD-BIRTHED GLOBE SPINNING THROUGH SOME NIGHTMARISH NEBULA, THIS INCOMPREHENSIBLE PHANTASM CAN ONLY RIP THROUGH ALL LEVELS OF SANITY...

WHILE, IN THE TOWN ITSELF...
WE GO NOW--TO FIND THE COFFIN OF GORNA--AND TO CAPTURE HIM IN IT.
COME WITH US, PETRA--AND WIELD THE STAKE YOURSELF. WHO DESERVES THAT HONOR MORE?
NO, FATHER--
--YOU GO, DO WHAT YOU MUST, I WILL COME LATER--
--WHEN MY HUSBAND HAS BEEN LAID TO HIS FINAL REST.
THE RUSSIAN VALLEY IS BATHED IN THE COLORS OF DAWNING SUN-- THE BLUES AND BLACKS OF NIGHT MELT INTO WARM PINKS AND MORNING REDS--
--BUT EVEN IN THIS STEADILY RISING LIGHT, THE STREAM OF FLAMING TORCHES CARRIED ALOFT BY THE DARKLY DRESSED VILLAGERS, CAN BE SEEN--
--AS A SOMBERLY QUIET PARTY OF MARCHING MOURNERS MOVES ONWARD TO THE CEMETERY GROUNDS.
WHERE...
YOU STILL LIVE, DRACULA?
MY FLAMES DID NOT STOP YOU-- DID NOT BURN THE LIFE FROM YOU?

NOR SHALL THEY, VAMPIRE--
THE SUN RISES EVEN AS WE SPEAK-- THUS THERE CAN BE NO TIME FOR FOOLISHNESS NOW...
NO TIME FOR PETTY TALK.
GORNA STORSKI, YOU HAVE BLASPHEMED YOUR MASTER... YOUR LORD, AND SO YOU MUST BE PUNISHED.
YOUR MADNESS HOLDS NO INTEREST FOR ME... YOUR MISSION ON EARTH IS OF NO IMPORT--
--FOR, IF YOU CAN NOT BE HELD AT BAY BY ME-- IF YOU DO NOT NEED AND OBEY MY EVERY WORD... MY EVERY COMMAND--
--THEN, BE DAMNED WITH YOU--
--IN THE VERY FIRES OF YOUR OWN CREATION!
PERISH, GORNA STORSKI, AND PRAY FORGIVENESS FOR YOUR DEEDS.
AND KNOW-- THAT AS THE FLAMES CONSUME YOU-- THAT DRACULA IS YOUR GOD--
--AND DRACULA IS INDEED A VENGEFUL GOD!
AGGHHHHHH!!

THEY HEAR THE SCREAM--THAT HELLISH WAIL--AND, FOR A MOMENT, THEY FREEZE IN THEIR OWN FEAR.
THEN, SLOWLY--EVER SO DESPERATELY SLOWLY, THEY MOVE ON--THEIR STERS WEIGHING HEAVILY IN THE MORNING MIST.


AND STILL THE SCREAM CONTINUES--LONG AFTER THE REMAINING FLESH HAS BEEN BURNED AWAY..LONG AFTER THE ESSENCE OF UNLIFE HAS FLED WHATEVER SOUL SURVIVED--
--LONG AFTER THE FLUTTER OF FLEEING WINGS CAN BE HEARD.. STILL THE SCREAM ECHOS ON...AND ON...
...AND STILL ON.
RRAAARRGGHH


THE SUN IS ABOUT TO RISE, AND DRACULA ABOUT TO REST, FOR THERE IS AN END NOW TO WHAT HAD BEGUN SO MANY MONTHS BEFORE.
PETRA VORNIK'S FINGERS SIFT THROUGH THE ASHES OF HER HUSBAND, AND ONE SINGLE SOLITARY TEAR TRICKLES DOWN FROM HER EYE.
THE PAST HAS FINALLY ENDED FOR HER NOW. AND A FUTURE BECKONS WITH THE COMING OF THE SUN.

A KING-SIZED MUST FOR ALL DRACULA FANS--CHILLERS #1, NOW ON SALE, STARRING--THE CURSE OF DRACULA A SUPER-SIZED 24 PAGE DRACULA THRILLER INTRODUCING LILITH, DAUGHTER OF DRACULA--AND FEATURING THE FEAR-SHOCKER WHICH CONCLUDES IN THE VERY NEXT ISSUE OF TOMB OF DRACULA. BUY THEM BOTH.